

IMPERTINENT IMPRESSIONS---AWAY UPTOWN

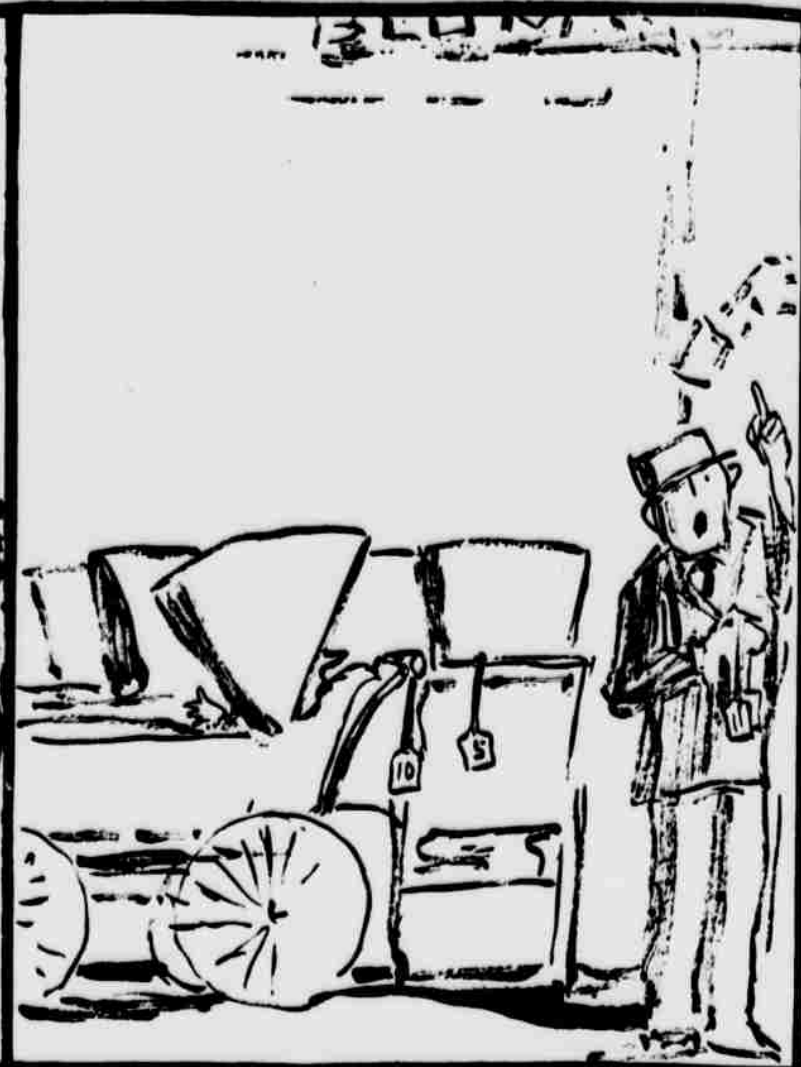
By Bill



For the evening stroll hats are not a necessity for the ladies.



A daily sight on upper Broadway in summer: the mothers and children sitting in the green strip in the middle of the street.



Some of the stores check baby carriages while you shop.

THRILLS, PATHOS, ROMANCE, IN PICKING UP THE TAG ENDS OF SUMMER

By JANE DIXON.
So soon the tag ends of summer begin to trail.
Home to me saliently the other evening when a company of congenial souls dropped in unexpectedly to visit a while with a maid of Washington Square. It was in one of those studios with long windows that swing open to the street, a red brick fireplace for logs and such things as dreams are made of, art in the weird tacked recklessly over the walls, an electric stove, lounges draped with exquisitely done mandarin coats and—that was about all.
Hither, under the normal condition of living, that was about all. To-night it was different. A scout had been sent forward to discover the will of our unintentional hostess. He wiggled frantic affirmatives from one of the long windows. We clattered up the steps and rushed into what looked like the battleground of a dressmaker's convention. Picking our way cautiously between islands of chiffon, lace, velvet, lingerie, discarded hats, slippers eloquent of many a merry dance, ribbons, tears and tatters of

stems is being featured on the mantel shelf," remarked the man.
The studio maid blushed a becoming shade of pink.
"That held together the roses he brought to me the evening of my favorite French holiday. Remember how gloriously we celebrated—up and down and across the town? Tag ends—just tag ends."
From "Paul and Joe's" near by came a second scout bearing bottled Italian sunshine. There was chop suey from the Chinaman's around the corner. We drank to studio tag ends and the nook in the country where Carlotta goes to watch the plumes of goldenrod turn russet, to await the cool kiss of the early frost, press purple and crimson against the leaves. The nook, too, will have its tag end, but that is another story.
Summer romances have reached their climax and are already unravelled around the edges. Thrills have lost a meting of their tremor. Devotion is a shade less ardent. Love is a little less intense. The spirit of change casts its shadow before. At the shore there is just a touch of languor in the step of the nut brown maid as she swings along the sands. There are in-



Tag ends of the summer wardrobe.

order, no debris. How has the summer widower kept his promise? One look around the place which used to be home will answer the question. Dishes are scattered everywhere from the top of the piano to the kitchen sink. Glasses and bottles riot around in unbelievable numbers. As the top covers pulled out from the bottom and the under covers wrinkled beyond the point of comfort, Mr. S. W. moved from bed to bed until he has used up every one, including the baby's crib. The morning the summer widower receives a letter announcing the return of the family at an early date he takes an inventory of the wreck with a view to repairing the damages. It is worse, far worse, than he suspected.
At the cost of violent effort and much expense he secures a strong arm Swedish person, who comes into the house and demolishes several pieces of choice brass-ware, but in the end restores a semblance of order.
Then he goes down town and tells the gang he has been playing around with all summer, man is ever a generous animal; that vacation is over. He has to buckle down to business. The little blonde on the far side of the table seems sad—for the moment. Then she smiles and orders another punch. She is used to tag ends and the flake fancy of summer widowers. Warm weather wardrobes are beginning to show the strain of a strenuous season. The misty white tulle on the dancing frock has melted, has lost its mattness. Flowers which bloomed so brilliantly in the milliner's garden, re-

valling in their perfection the handiwork of their superstitious, nature, are drab and faded. Sport clothes are not so sporty. The old panama has lost considerable of its "pep." It is an even bet as to whether the straw sailor will stand up and finish the season or whether it will call for the assistance of one of its brethren marked down from \$1.50 and \$5 to a dollar straight.
"Looks to me as if you would have to surrender and get a new one," I remarked to a friend with a sailor at the uncertain stage.
"What do I want to do that for?" he retorted. "I just got this one all nicely colored. It took me all summer to do it, but I guess I have done a pretty swell job at that."
Of course if men place straw hats in a class with merechaum pipes, the argument was perfectly sound. There may be something to it at that. Old friends, old wine—and maybe now old hats.
Plenty of summer girls are going to find themselves the unwilling possessors of a colored complexion. The tan effect is all very well at the shore or in the country. It fits in with the scenic effects, is part of the atmosphere. The more tan acquired the better fitted is the girl for the position of belle of the beach. You will see them squint on the sand for hours, faces to the sun, putting on coat after coat of the much desired tan. About the time they reach the color of ripe coffee without cream the season is over.
Back in town the coffee shade goes very well for a few days. It is the outward and visible sign of a highly successful summer. It proves the wearer is above the slaves of time who were compelled to remain city bound. It bespeaks a person big and strong with ozone. Like the diamonds of a Vanderbilt actress, it is the measure of opulence.
"My, you are looking well," says the girl whose pallor is the result of heat waves from soft asphalt and brick furnaces. "What a wonderful tan!"
"Yes, I feel great," returns the girl brown as a berry. "I'm mad about the country. Too bad you had to stay in town."
When the berry brown girl meets the girl with the pallor at the first big party of the season she begins to wonder if the tan was a good thing after all. It certainly does not go well with a pastel tinted evening gown. She took all that trouble to get a tan, and now that she has it what is she going to do with it?

What she does is to take it around to the beauty parlor and make arrangements to check it. The process is long, tedious, and often painful. She is steamed and pounded and massaged and rubbed and sprinkled with odd mixtures. After a while she begins to peel. For days she dare not venture outside the house because of the peel, and dimpled arms grow still. Straight, in time only a few stray patches, the tag ends of a perfect tan, remain. She decides next year she will wear a long sleeved lothing suit and a sunbonnet of what was.
There is a pathos in the tag end of the present waning summer—a pathos so deep no human heart can plumb it. It is the high chairs barren of their breaking. The best beloved are gone, precious freight, the little red wagons and in their place is bitter desolation.



Tag ends before the family return.



The tag end of a summer romance.

seasons gone—we negotiated the mandarin.
Our hostess was pleasantly unperturbed. She scraped everything into one huge stack and then sat down atop the stack, beaming a welcome.
"I'm gathering up the tag ends of summer, you see," she explained—not that explanations are necessary in the Square. "I begin by dumping the contents of my trunks in the centre of the studio and then weeding out."
"How many weeks do you allow yourself for weeding?" asked a man of the party, gazing dubiously at the size of the stack and dropping the hand of the girl in whom he is interested. Safety first for a man on a mere salary.
"One evening—or part of it," was the reply. "Never waste too much time over tag ends. Make a clean sweep, is my motto. I try not to let sentiment impede comfort and sanitation."
"Then perhaps you will not mind telling me why that peach colored bow of satin ribbon with a loop for flower

THE NEWS OF THE WEEK IN RHYME—By Dana Burnet

THE current dearth of chorus girls
Is really most depressing.
The shortage hitherto has been
Restricted to their dressing.
Have they no need of pity for
The drama they abandon?
Will they depart
And leave our art
Without a leg to stand on?



The current dearth of chorus girls is really most depressing.

How we shall miss the old, old songs
That set our grandsires prancing!
How we shall miss the lovelorn duke,
And the lass who entered dancing!
How we shall sigh for times gone by,
When every costume fitted,
And the stolen Strauss
Brought down the house,
And Thought was not permitted!

My lady Bernhardt yearns to see
A Charlie Chaplin caper.
'Tis said that cotton stalks will make
The neatest letter paper.
The Russians sent an army corps
To smite the baleful Bulgar;
The Turks have won
Another gun,
And twins are slightly vulgar.

The lizard as a pet de luxe
Is coming into favor.
The onion, on the other hand,
Has lost its social savor.
A scientist has found the germ
That makes the cosmos lazy.
The German fleet
Is in retreat,
And Wilson's hopes are hazy.



A scientist has found the germ that makes
the cosmos lazy.
The Kaiser mowed the lawn again,
While Hollweg grew ecstatic;
It's nice to know that emperors
Can be so democratic!
We'll wager when he's all alone
He smiles at Belgian peasants,
Or treads the soil
In which they toil,
Or lets them give him presents.

Carranza promised to resign
When Mexico was quiet.
A gentleman divorced his wife
Because she would not diet.
The largest turnip in the world
Was born in Arizona;
To be quite fair
We do not care—
And Hughes has lost his dignity.



The Kaiser mowed the lawn again.